HOPE OF RESURRECTION.

When wintry storms invade the sky,
And streams forget to flow,
The earth puts on the form of death,
And sleeps beneath the snow.

But living germs within her breast
Retain their vital power,
And while the death of winter reigns,
Wait their appointed hour.

They wait the glorious sun to rise,
And break the icy chain;
Then burst the prison of their tomb,
And bloom o'er all the plain.

So slumbering saints rest in the grave,
And wait the midnight cry,
To put immortal glories on,
And meet their Lord on high.

—*P. A. Chadbourne, D. D.*

THE CROSS AND THE TOMB.

BY LAURA E. N. GROSSNICKLE.

The time is now at hand when the thoughts of all Christendom are turned backward to the crucifixion and resurrection of the great Redeemer of mankind. Let us shut out the busy world and forget all else save the close of that life so grand, so pure, so beautiful. Let us try to view those scenes as though they were really before us.

From the upper chamber, where was instituted the Lord's Supper, we follow the Savior across the brook Cedron, into the garden of Gethsemane; we hear his agonizing prayer "Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me," and then with sweet resignation—O that we might always feel the same,—he adds "not my will but thine be done." What new born strength, what peace, what tranquility must have filled his breast when he rose from that prayer and knew that in drinking the cup of suffering to its very dregs he was doing his Father's will. No terror fills his heart as the multitude, with sword and staves approach him; no anger but rather pity is felt toward the money-loving Judas who gives him that traitorous kiss. Mark the magnanimity of his spirit when he heals the ear cut off by the impulsive Peter.

Conscious of his own power to call to his aid twelve legions of angels, he offers no resistance, but suffers himself to be led to the house of the high priest, then to Pilate, then to Herod, and back again to Pilate, where he is scourged, mocked, spit upon, and crowned with thorns. He is led to Calvary's brow and placed upon the cross; the cruel spikes are driven through the tender quivering flesh of his hands and feet; the cross is lifted, and the Son of God expiates the sins of the world. No word of reproach falls from his lips as he hangs there mocked and reviled, but lifting his eyes to heaven he utters that touchingly beautiful prayer "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Oh, who can picture the awfulness of that scene! Words are inadequate to portray it. The Savior, suffering untold agony as his weight hangs from his torn and bleeding hands and feet, and the blood trickles from the thorn-pierced brow, with broken spirit cries "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Methinks that heart-rending cry must have touched the hearts of those revilers and persecutors, and they must have quaked with fear as they beheld the temple rent in twain, the graves opened and the dead coming forth.

What must have been the feelings of those disciples as they stood there in the valley of the shadow of death watching, through the minutes and hours that seemed to them like days and weeks, the sufferings they were powerless to relieve? Only a short time before he had entered Jerusalem amid the hosannas of the multitude, and now his enemies had triumphed over him, he was torn from them, and his ministry was ended. He, the King of Israel, from whom they had expected so much, after three short years of his ministry, was dying, and their hopes were dashed to the ground. His work was unfinished, and there was no one to finish it for him. Such was the thought of the disciples when the tortured spirit was yielded up and the body of Jesus laid in the tomb. He was gone, and with him had gone life, and love and hope.

"And there was Mary Magdalene and the other Mary sitting at the door of the sepulcher." Sitting at love's tomb, they wept out their despair, but joy awaited them, for Jesus was not dead. The tomb which they watered with tears was empty, for Jesus had risen, and love, and hope, and joy lived again.

The vicarious sacrifice was ended, man's redemption was purchased, death and the grave was triumphed over, and again, for a little while, they enjoy his presence, and then with his hands lifted as he blesses them, he is taken up to the Father and by the power of his love, he draws all men after him.

Boonsboro, Md.

Never part without loving words to think of during your absence. It may be that you will not meet again in life.

FASHION AND CHRISTIANITY.

SELECTED BY ELLA E. BUCKWALTER.

When Methodists and Quakers are questioned concerning their gradual conformity to world in dress, style of living, and other outward characteristics of worldliness, they reply: "O! such things are of very little importance, and they constitute no part of the essentials of religion." Not unfrequently they add a trite remark about being "proud of plainness," or triflingly dispose of the subject by a witticism upon some woman who made herself ridiculous with dress. Now we answer emphatically, "if such things are trifles, constituting no part of the essence of religion, then your church was originally founded on trifles and folly; your separation was a guilty schism, 1 Cor. 3:3—5, and you have no apology for your existence now." This conformity to the world, evincing a low state of spiritual life, was the real and avowed cause of the Wesleyan and the Quakers schisms.

Pride, extravagance, and worldly conformity in dress, are as clearly and emphatically condemned in God's word, as idolatry, swearing, lying or stealing, and God will judge public teachers of his word who shun to declare this. 1 Tim. 2:9, 10; 1 Peter 1:1—6; Rom. 12:2.

Fashion leads to a hollow-hearted, hypocritical, vain, and godless, life. It is founded not on taste or art, but on pride. It fosters the caste feeling, which is accursed of God, and which is blighting and blasting the churches, in all our cities especially. It magnifies and idolizes the inferior part, and renders woman supremely and almost exclusively conscious of the body. The holiness of beauty supplants the holiness of duty. It is a fact, often illustrated by the infidelity and gross immorality of leading aesthetics, that the sense of beauty never deters from moral evil, nor prompts to moral good.

Fashion in our churches is squandering millions of the Lord's money, and bringing thousands of his professed people to shameful and guilty bankruptcy. It keeps millions from church services, and diverts the attention of millions who do attend, from spiritual worship. Fashions are becoming more and more costly, outlandish, indecent and immoral, especially in lasciviousness. If the present style of clinging, puckered and decorated skirts has any significance, it is certainly grosly immoral and lascivious, and confirmed by the fact of its origin among the courtesans of Paris.

The Scotch preacher spoke wisely when he said, "Ye people of Aberdeen get your fashions from Glasgow; Glasgow from Edinburgh, and Edinburgh, from London, and London, from Paris, and Paris from the devil." The complexities and intricacies of fashion displayed in our numerous fashion journals, are engrossing the thoughts, affections, and resources of most of our young ladies, especially those of wealth, to the exclusion of almost everything else. Fashion becomes an imperious passion, trampling under foot every principle of Christianity, and sweeping more women to ruin than any other influence. It is the evil genius of woman, and her condition cannot be greatly improved, physically, morally or spiritually, until she is emancipated from this tyranny. How humiliating the fact that the newspaper heading, "For the Ladies," always refers to dress, as if this was woman's all in all.

Fashion excites envy and imitation, leads husbands to desperate and dishonest expedients for money; and if wives, who worship at the shrine of fashion, are professing Christians it often makes husbands infidels. It identifies women professing godliness, with the world, destroying their usefulness as Christians, and bringing them under condemnation of God.

But what shall we do? Will no one practice the plain and simple principles of Christianity, in dress and living?

1. Let the truckling and time-serving pulpit ring out anew God's condemnation of this sin and folly, and let their own families abandon it. Isa. 3:16—25.

Let our church members, who cry out, "we cannot be peculiar," be made to understand that they are thus, both by word and deed, renouncing one of the first and most essential principles of Christianity, Titus 2:14. If they thus surrender to the world, they cannot serve God. If they cannot be singular, they cannot be saved.

2. Although no very precise rule may be given against conformity to the world in dress, it is clearly manifest that most of our women professing godliness, are far over the line, in costliness, complexity and immodesty.

3. Christianity teaches the general principles of economy, plainness, simplicity, comfort, and neatness in dress.

4. It plainly and emphatically teaches us not to put on or put off anything, merely because "they do it." The course of an ungodly world is not the Christian's guide, and, where there is a will there is a way in which we may obey Christ.

5. We should remember that God's claims upon us and our families, are superior to all the claims of "society," and that our alliance to Christ is infinitely more important than all vain alliances.

6. Fashion journals and novels should be imperatively banished from Christian homes.

7. We should never swerve from christian principle in dress and style of living, to shun the sneers of the world.

8. We should live above the world, in constant fellowship with the Son of God, and in the power of an endless life, "hating even the garment spotted with the flesh."

9. We should remember that our personal salvation and spiritual usefulness depend upon our separation from the world and our resistance to its sway, with the martyr spirit. The world is a ruin, and if any are saved, they must come out of it. God allows no compromise.

10. Professing christians who regard such principles as "too strict," and whose hearts rebel against them, should with an open Bible, before God, seriously examine the foundation of their hope of heaven.—*The Mother's Magazine and Family Circle.*

Coddle Christians.

Wants to be coddled all the time. Does that describe your case? Of all the useless and half way christians, the coddle christian is the very worst. He is usually a self-centered individual—goes to church thinking over the faults of other people and his own grievances. At the church door he sidles along, watching to see if all the people noticed him. For the most part they don't. Then he goes home, and nurses his sensitiveness all the week because he wasn't noticed. He "doesn't feel at home" in this church, because no one gets around him, and makes him feel good when he goes there. He feels sure there is a ring inside the church that runs every thing. Brother So and So is always prominent in the work of the church, but as for himself, he never is called on to lead things. "Certain persons" always club together, and are sociable enough; but somehow, he never feels that he is wanted, and—hem! hem! hem! *ad infinitum.*

My dear brother or sister, as the case may be, what business have you to be edging around in such a miserable fashion as that? Are you not a covenant member of that church? Who gave you any right to ask to be noticed? What warrant have you to be finding sickly complaints because other people are willing to do your work for you? Pray, why is it not your business to go to other people, and try to make them "feel at home?" Or did you join the church in order to have somebody hold you up, and make you feel good, and pat you on the back—coddle you, in short, as if you were a pettish child? Was it a social circle you wanted to get into when you joined Christ's church? Was it notice and position, and certain other convenient and pleasant matters, you were thinking of? You are a pretty specimen of a christian, aren't you? Do you know the reason you are never wanted, and never are put forward, and never "feel at home?" That is because you curl up in your shell of sensitive selfishness, and repel everybody with your look and manner. Go out, like a hearty christian; show by your manner that you mean to go half way; take others by the hand; give them a smile and a word of welcome; help show some stranger a seat; pass your book to your neighbor; be on hand at the prayer-meeting and speak if you have the gift of it; and be very sure you will take your place among the rest very quickly. A contented, quiet and helpful spirit soon makes itself known, and will straightway be appreciated. Above all things do not want to be noticed; do not complain of slights. Nobody ever thought you slighted except yourself. Do your work cheerfully. Don't be a coddle christian.—*Church Union.*

I am free to say it is my deliberate opinion that the vicious character of masonry and its guilt-conceiling and barbarous oaths is such as not only to release all from their bonds, but also to lay on them the solemn obligation to tear off its covering and expose its enormity. I regard it as Satan's masterpiece—a terrible snare to men. It sits at this moment as a nightmare on all the moral energies of our government and utterly paralyzes the arm of justice.—*Nahtaniel Colver.*

Peace is better than joy. Joy is a very uneasy guest and is always on the tib-toe to depart. It tires and wears us out, and yet keeps us ever fearing the next moment it will be gone. Peace is not so. It comes more quietly, it stays more contentedly, and it never exhausts our strength, nor gives us one anxious, forecasting thought.

Obstructive Christians.

When the blind man at Jericho begged with urgent and importunate pleading that his sight might be restored, "many rebuked him that he should hold his peace;" and no doubt among the "many," were some or all of the disciples and apostles. Nor was this case singular. When the tender mothers brought the children that the Lord should put his hands on them and bless them, the disciples rebuked those that brought them. And again, when the Syrophœnician woman besought for her demonized daughter, the disciples urged, "Send her away, for she crieth after us."

It was a strange sight—the apostles and disciples, whose real work it was to lead people to Christ, to bring men under his healing and saving power, instead of this repelling men, discouraging them. But strange as the scene was, it has been so often repeated that it might well cease to excite amazement. Over and over again, through all ages, men have been prevented from coming to Christ by the obstructiveness of men professedly Christians.

It is not needful to speak of the false and persecuting forms of religion; of the unutterable horrors inflicted by the Inquisition and by Alva and Louis XIV., or the agony which the Scotch Covenanters endured at the hands of the English Episcopalians. Indeed, the history of Christianity down to the very recent times has been the history of the State, calling itself Christian, keeping men from Christ.

And then how often have professed Christians by their lives repelled men from the religion of Christ. When the candid and observant worldly man sees the professed Christians exhibiting a standard of business morality lower than prevails at the Board of Trade, the effect on him is what might be expected. And every missionary reports that the great obstruction to the progress of Christianity in heathen lands is the lives of the representative Christian nations.

Sometimes this obstructiveness comes from pure selfishness and wickedness. But often it is the result of a misconception of the object of Christianity and the church. Men look on the church and its various ordinances and instrumentalities as an *end* rather than a *means*. This was the error of the disciples who rebuked blind Bartimeus. They were afraid that he would disturb them and the Master. But what were they there for? What was the Master there for?

Not far from fifty years ago, the church in a village in Central New York was holding a series of special meetings. One young girl, slight in stature, of little personal presence, came as an inquirer, and kept coming with a quiet persistence that led a deacon to exclaim: "Goodness! does that little girl think that we have got nothing to do but to pray for her all winter?" But what else were the meetings for, and the church, and the deacons? Well for the deacon if in heaven he is permitted to touch the hem of her garment. It would have been time and labor well expended if the only fruit of all that series of meetings had been Emily Chubbuck Judson.

When any reform comes along and demands the attention of the church, men and ministers are very apt to rebuke those who urge it. They say: "Oh, don't; do let the church alone; you are going to destroy our peace." So it has been with the temperance cause, and so it has been with missions not seldom, and with Sunday schools. Men say, "Oh, we keep all these things out, for fear of dividing the people." All the world (or at least a fraction of it) know of the colored preacher who objected to preaching against stealing, because "it would throw a coldnees over the meeting." But what was the meeting for, if not to make people better?

There are plenty of people sitting on the broad aisle and paying fair pew rents who would not want to hear preaching about commercial honesty according to the standard of the Mountain Sermon. It would destroy all their enjoyment in the service and the sermon. Plenty of people shudder at a district secretary or a collection, because they don't want to have their minds distracted from the precious gospel.

These men forget that Christianity is a revolutionary force, that the church is an army, that Christ came not to send peace on earth, but a sword; that He who sits on the throne says: "Behold, I make all things new." They forget that Christianity is at war with the world, and that war *is* WAR.—*National Baptist.*

Said a man who was always giving: "I feel that I am but God's steward. I am afraid to die rich."

"One soweth, and another reapeth," is a verity that applies to evil as well as good.—*George Eliot.*